Aron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars ſharpe point,
That touches this my firſt borne ſonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it ſcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although ſhe laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empreſſe from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtris thus?
Aron. My miſtris is my miſtris, this my ſelfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoake for it in Rome.
Demet. By this our mother is for euer ſhamde.
Chiron. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nurſe. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron, Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the hart:
Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father,

As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am
He is your brother Lords, ſenſ
Of that ſelfe blood that firſt ga
And from that wombe where y
He is infranchiſed and come to
Nay he is your brother by the
Although my ſeale be ſtamped
Nurſe. *Aron* what ſhall I ſay
Demet. Aduiſe thee *Aron*, wh
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy
Saue thou the childe ſo we may
Aron. Then ſit we downe and
My ſonne and I will haue the w
Keepe there, now talke at plea
Demet. How many women
Aron. Why ſo braue Lords, w
I am a Lambe, but if you braue
The chafed Bore, the mountain
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aro*
But ſay againe, how many ſaw
Nurſe. *Cornelia*, the midwife a
And no one elſe but the deliuer
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Mi
Two may keepe counſell when
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her t
Weeke, weeke, ſo cries a Pigge
Demet. What meanſt thou Ar
Aron. O Lord ſir, tis a deed o
Shall ſhe liue to betray this gilt
A long tongu'd babling Goſſip
And now be it knowne to you
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my C
His wife but yeſternight was b
His childe is like to her, faire as

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